

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 451.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1840.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

WINCHESTER—ST CROSS.

My last two articles referred to the Isle of Wight. The reader will recollect that I finished my tour of the island at the pretty town of Ryde, at its eastern extremity; and as it chanced to be Saturday evening when I had accomplished the excursion, I resolved to betake myself to the ancient city of Winchester to spend the succeeding day. Geographically speaking, Winchester is placed at a respectful distance in Hampshire from Ryde, and any one who may be pleased to glance at the map, will naturally suppose that a day would be required to travel from the one to the other. The railway, however, has knocked all these old calculations on the head. The steamer shoots up alongside the jetty—we are on our way across the Solent—Southampton in an hour—train just going to start—two places to Winchester—there—take seats—off—in forty minutes we are sitting quietly at tea in an old-fashioned parlour of the George, in the heart of one of the oldest cities in England. "This is an old established inn!" I remarked, as a little dapper waiter arrayed the materials of comfort on the table. "Yes, sir, we've been here since the twelfth century." I leave the Tabard in the Borough, or any other house in England, to match that—if it can.

Winchester is situated in the bottom of a rich grassy vale, through which, in its eastern environs, flows the small river Itchin, whose entire duty consists in turning several mills, and irrigating in its lazy course a considerable expanse of green meadow all the way down to Southampton, a distance of about twelve miles. High downs bound the vale on the east, while on the west are spreading uplands, disposed as arable fields; and through this quarter, by a moderately deep cutting, the railway from London has been carried. As the train sweeps up abreast of the town, we perceive below us a wide extended mass of old brick houses, grey church towers, and red-tiled roofs, with immediately in front, on the brow of the descending eminence, a huge square edifice, now answering as a barrack for soldiers, but formerly a royal residence of various members of the Stuart family, as well as of the protector Richard Cromwell.

The interior of Winchester, on closer inspection, exhibits a cluster of commonplace streets and alleys, possessing few symptoms of modern improvement, but rendered striking here and there by some decided mark of antiquity, the most prominent of which is a Norman cross, in good preservation in a by corner of the market-place. The objects of greatest curiosity, however, are the cathedral, the college, and, at a short distance, the establishment of St Cross, any one of which is worth travelling at least a hundred miles, even by stage coaches, to see. Winchester, in fact, by possessing these things in an unimpaired condition, may be described as one of the most interesting places in England. It would now be impossible to tell why the spot on which the city stands, and which, as we have seen, is far from convenient, should have been chosen, in early times, for the seat of a capital, yet such was the fact. There was a town here before the Christian era, and it afterwards became the principal city of the Danish, Saxon, and Norman dynasties. It only finally lost its character of capital of England, as London arose in eminence and wealth. Till the Revolution, it continued a chief place of residence of the royal family. Winchester was the scene of Alfred and Canute's glories, and here, with innumerable distinguished princes, abbots, and bishops, they are entombed. During the reign of Edgar, in the tenth century, Ethelwold,

Bishop of Winchester, built a cathedral on the site of a former and very ancient church, and which he dedicated to St Swithun. A century later, the city became the favourite place of residence of William of Normandy, and afterwards of his son William Rufus, who was entombed here a few days after his death in the New Forest. Here also resided Stephen, and his successor, Henry; and here Richard Cœur de Lion received the homage of his nobility, and was crowned with unusual magnificence. Passing over the reigns of several succeeding monarchs, we come to that of Edward III., in whose time Winchester became the episcopal see of the celebrated William of Wykeham. (1366.)

Let us pause a moment over the memory of this great man, who shone out a brilliant star in the midst of an age of darkness. Born of humble parents in the neighbouring town of Wykeham, from which he took his name, and educated and bred to the priestly office, he ultimately rose to the highest dignities. He was chiefly distinguished for his knowledge of the refined arts, particularly architecture, and was hence appointed surveyor of works to Edward III., in which capacity he executed divers buildings at Dover, Windsor, and other places. Latterly, he was appointed secretary of state, keeper of the privy seal, chancellor of the kingdom, and bishop of Winchester. He founded New College, at Oxford, which was finished in 1386, and in the following year he began to erect the college or preparatory school at Winchester, in reference to his Oxford institution. He new-modelled nearly the whole of the west end of the cathedral, in the manner in which it exists at present. In 1404, he concluded a life of eminent usefulness, and was buried in the nave of the cathedral which he had so lately embellished.

With these snatches of bygone history, we may proceed to the edifice which William of Wykeham preserved for our gratification. It is a delightful Sunday morning in June—the service, which takes place at ten o'clock, is about to commence—and the hour is rung as we pass along the avenue of tall leafy trees, which stretches diagonally across the churchyard from the houses of the town to the door of the cathedral. What a stupendous mass of beautiful Gothic architecture is the western gable, with its airy pinnacles and deep groined doorways, through one of which we pass into the wide, long, and open nave! How exquisite the tall shafts which support the lofty roof! What reflections pass through the mind as we pace over the inscribed flagstones, beneath each of which sleeps a bishop, monk, soldier, or prince! But our eyes are attracted from these lesser details to the resting-place of Wykeham, a chantry or small chapel of open work, occupying the space between two pillars on the south side. The whole, externally and internally, is of beautiful construction, with a number of niches, and a place on which once stood an altar. In the centre, on an elevated sarcophagus, lies the figure of Wykeham, in white marble, and represented in full costume, with his mitre, crozier, and other episcopal ornaments worn at the period. On a pillar supported by two angels rests the head; and three figures of friars are kneeling at the feet in the attitude of prayer. This beautiful monument, which probably is without its equal in Britain, has, at different periods, been much damaged. Nearly thirty statues, as well as the altar, have been destroyed; and the enclosed escutcheons, bearing the prelate's arms and devices, are rent off. A Latin inscription in black letter, inlaid in brass, has been permitted to remain, and surrounds the marble slab on which the figure rests. The inscription narrates the name and good deeds of the

worthy bishop, and concludes with the pious request, that "those who behold this tomb cease not to pray that William of Wykeham may enjoy everlasting rest."

Proceeding onward from this elegant mausoleum, we observe several others, of similar but less elaborate workmanship, the principal ones being those of Cardinal Beaufort; Bishop Fox, the patron of Wolsey; and Bishop Waynflete. The tranquil repose of these ancient monumental erections is finely enhanced by the adjoining scene and objects. There is a clear, cold expanse, perfectly appropriate to the solemn character of the building; the walls, pillars, and roof, are of a pale stone hue, possessing no appearance of damp, and the large windows are composed of painted glass of an extreme antiquity. Passing to the extremity of the nave, we arrive at the steps and screen of the choir, or enclosed space in the centre and east end of the building, which is appropriated for divine service. Latterly, the whole of this part has been fitted up in a style exactly conformable to the general character of the architecture, the bald Grecian ornaments with which Inigo Jones and others had loaded it having been entirely removed. I do not know whose taste has thus been employed in restoring the cathedral to the pure Anglo-Gothic; but, whoever he may be, he deserves very great credit for his design and skilful adjustment of parts. The whole is equal to any thing in York Minster.

We are now beneath the central tower, or in that part of the edifice which was constructed by Ethelwold, and cannot fail to be struck with the appearance of the Saxon arches, blending with others of a later date in the Norman style, and showing the rudiments of what we now call the Gothic, or pointed order. This part of the building contains the mausolea of numerous distinguished persons. We have before us on the floor near the communion-table, a slab of dark marble which covers the tomb of William Rufus; while on each side, and elevated on the top of the screen-work of the choir, are several chests or mortuaries, which contain the remains of various Saxon kings and princes—the Edreds, Edmunds, Kenulphs, and others. On each is a Latin inscription denoting the contents. One may be translated as follows:—"King Edred died in the year of our Lord 955: in this tomb rests pious King Edred, who nobly governed this land of Britain." An inscription on another imports, that "in this and the other chest opposite are the remaining bones of Canute and Rufus, kings; of Emma, queen; and of Wina and Alevin, bishops." The most ancient of the royal relics are those of King Kinegils, the first Christian king of the West Saxons, who died in the year 641. From these singular objects, our attention is directed to the superb and elaborate altar-screen, erected by Cardinal Beaufort, and now renovated and cleaned. But to describe this and the surrounding curiosities of art, would far exceed the limits of this slight sketch, and it is enough to say that the whole interior of the cathedral abounds in objects of deep interest to the architect, historian, and antiquary. A number of my observations were made during the service, for in a place of such novelty it was impossible to restrain the vagrant glances of the eye, as they sought out and fixed upon old carvings, monuments, and inscriptions, the whole lighted up by the beautifully coloured sunbeams, which shone like streams of glory from the lofty Norman windows of the choir. The exterior of the building, which afterwards repeatedly engaged my attention from the open churchyard, has an old grey appearance; it is solid rather than elegant in its masonry, except at the western extremity; and its central tower being cut

off abruptly, a short way above the roof, it has nothing imposing in its altitude. The entire length of the structure from east to west is 545 feet. Many parts of the fine old wall are in a state of great decay, from the effects of time or the weather, and it is to be hoped that the dean and chapter will spare a trifle to restore them.

From the snug and sunny recesses of the cathedral close, we wander through a labyrinthine alley and by-street to the college of William of Wykeham, which is perhaps the more interesting of the two. The college, it is necessary to premise, is only a school of a high order for Latin and Greek; and being endowed for the benefit of "seventy poor scholars," is now very properly devoted to the education of young gentlemen, preparatory for the university. Having served as a model for the schools of Westminster and Eton, and lasted upwards of four centuries unimpaired, the institution is unquestionably the oldest of the kind in England. If we wish to know what was the nature of school-instruction in the middle ages, here we may see it in full operation. The buildings and grounds are situated on the verge of the green vale of the Itchin, in the lower environs of the town, and cover a number of acres, the whole being enclosed with sheltering walls. In front, close upon the street, are the principal buildings, all of an old Gothic character, with a spacious gateway, through which we are admitted to a court, and from that we penetrate to an inner court, where the splendid old chapel and antique hall are before us. Having inspected the chapel, with its exquisite furnishings of stalls and benches of black oak, and its elegantly painted windows, we pass on to the refectory or mess-room, which we reach by a flight of steps. Here the scholars dine in the style which was in fashion five hundred years since. The tables being covered, we observed that, instead of plates of stoneware or metal, each boy was provided with a small square piece of wood without a ledge, from which he had to eat his food. This punctual adherence to minute and trifling regulations, while great purposes are apt to be neglected, is quite of a piece with the whole system of the old educational establishments in England. How puerile the conceit that there is any virtue in eating off a wooden board instead of a Delft trencher!

From the dining-hall, we proceed to a court-yard, the third in the series, in which is the school of the institution, and adjoining it the most antique part of the whole fabric—namely, the cloisters, or covered walks, enclosing a spacious quadrangle, and consisting of old Gothic buildings. In the centre of this secluded grassy square, stands a small, I should say a miniature, chapel of ancient architecture, which now forms the library of the institution. I entered this interesting place, and found that the books were all in the dead languages, bound chiefly in vellum, and therefore quite appropriate to the scene.

Before leaving the institution, the visitor is conducted into an outer room adjoining the college kitchen, to view an odd kind of painting on the wall, commonly called "The Trusty Servant." The object represented is an ideal being resembling an ancient serving man, but having the head of a pig, with a padlock on the mouth, the ears of an ass, and the feet of a deer; in the left hand are held a shovel, pitchfork, currycomb, and broom. Beneath are some quaint Latin rhymes, which are thus rendered in English—the hint, it will be perceived, is a pretty good admonition:—

A trusty servant's portrait would you see,
This emblematic figure well survey:
The porker's snout, not nine in dist shows;
The padlock shut, no secret he'll disclose;
Patient the ass, his master's rage will bear;
Swift-footed in errand, the stag's feet declare;
Loaded his left hand, apt to labour with;
The rest, his nature; open hand, his faith.
Girt with his sword, his shield upon his arm,
Himself and master he'll protect from harm."

Wykeham's college contains, besides the scholars on the foundation, a certain number of young men named "commoners," who are educated under the care of the head master, on the terms of a boarding-school. The institution is subject to the regulation and annual visitation of the warden and fellows of New College, Oxford, of which, in fact, it is the elementary branch. I can say nothing of the routine of instruction. The scholars and masters are dressed in black caps and gowns, in the style of Oxonians, and are subject to similar rules of discipline. The singing boys of the cathedral act as fops for the establishment. On de-

parting from the college of the pious Wykeham, I could not but acknowledge that it formed a rare and valuable object of antiquity, which I should lament to see impaired or injured; but I at the same time felt the full force of the error of so splendid and extensive an establishment doing so little as boarding and educating only seventy "poor scholars" of questionable poverty. This, however, is trenching on a topic which we may shortly have an opportunity of discussing on its own proper merits.

From the college of Wykeham we are offered a remarkably pleasant walk to the hilly grounds on the east, or, if we prefer it, a stroll down the meadow to the Hospital of St Cross. At Winchester, one so often hears of St Cross, that there is no resisting the desire to see the hospital so named, which is only a mile to the southward. I selected the best of all times for the excursion, namely, the hour of mid-day meal. The day, also, was one of the finest of the season, and well suited for making a loitering pilgrimage among blossoming hedge-rows, and down cool alleys of trees environed by green paddocks of luxuriant-looking pasture, to the secluded spot.

Conceive us, at length, brought up in front of the old grey pile of buildings, with its huge gateway, out-houses, and other buildings, the whole forming an old monastery, only that lay paupers instead of monks are the inhabitants. The Hospital of St Cross was first founded and endowed in the year 1136, by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, and brother of King Stephen. The founder's charter of institution required that thirteen poor decayed men, past their strength, so that without assistance they could not maintain themselves, should have continual residence in the hospital, and be provided with proper clothing and other necessities, and a daily allowance of good wheaten bread and small beer. Besides these thirteen indigent brethren, the charter required that one hundred others, the poorest that could be found in Winchester, should be provided every day with a loaf of bread, three quarts of small beer, and two messes for their dinner, in a hall appointed for the purpose. On the anniversary of the founder's decease, August 9th, several hundreds of poor persons were also to be entertained, in addition to the ordinary number. It appears that shortly after its institution, the hospital property was greatly dilapidated by the Knights Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem, and was not effectually rescued from the fangs of these and other intruders till Wykeham took charge of the patrimony, and restored the privileges of the establishment. In 1444, Cardinal Beaufort added to the wealth of the endowment, and almost entirely rebuilt the structure as we now see it. To the house, so renovated and strengthened, he gave the title of the Alms-house of Noble Poverty. Again, after Beaufort's time, during the struggles of the rival factions of York and Lancaster, St Cross was fleeced of its revenues and possessions by the former of these parties; and as no one afterwards thought fit to make good its losses, we find the Alms-house of Noble Poverty in the enjoyment of only a scrap of its ancient possessions. This scrap, however, affords a tolerable picking; it is enough to maintain a master, steward, chaplain, and a few subordinate functionaries, along with thirteen brethren, whose support is the ostensible object of the charity. These brethren are men in the decline of life, and, excepting that they wear the badge of pauperism, there seems nothing to lament in their condition: each is dressed in a black woollen gown, on the left breast of which is attached a cross of silver, and in this guise they may be observed lingering about the roadsides in the neighbourhood.

It is one of the ancient and peculiar usages of St Cross, that when any stranger presents himself at the porter's lodge, and requests the bounty of the establishment, a small tray is put before him, on which is a dole of bread and a horn of beer. The piece of bread, to be sure, is very small, and the beer of the poorest possible brewage, still the custom is kept up much in the form it has been since the days of King Stephen. "You must have a good number of visitors in the course of a day," I observed to the old grey-haired porter, as he leant over his wicket, and presented the accustomed offering. "Yes," he replied, "we've a-many at this season; all the tramps of the country come this way; but, by the master's orders, we never give away more than two loaves of bread and two gallons of beer daily—bless you, sir, there's hardly a great family in the country that has not, some time or other, tasted the hospitality of St Cross."

On passing from the archway in which is the por-

ter's domicile, we enter an open and spacious quadrangle, bounded on our left with an ancient edifice, having in its front a cloister or covered walk, where exercise may be taken to a limited extent in bad weather; at the further extremity, on the same side, is the church, and beyond it, the meadows dotted over with massive trees, which close the view in this direction. On the other two sides are ranged the neat stone buildings of the hospital, two storeys in height, and ornamented with fig-trees and vines loaded with young fruit, and expanded in full leaf to the brilliant sun. Turning to the right to inspect this department of the institution, in which is the house of the steward and domiciles of the brethren, we arrive in the first place at an old stone porch, which projects over a few steps that lead to the kitchen and dining hall. Having ascended to this latter apartment, we find it to be a very perfect specimen of the monastic refectories of former days, and that it possesses much to excite interest. The lofty roof is of old oak; over the doorway is a gallery of the same material, where, anciently, the benediction was sung, and whence, also, on particular festivals, the sound of minstrelsy enlivened the banquet. On the wall, at the opposite end of the apartment, there is attached a wooden case resembling a cupboard, and the two leaves or doors which enclose it being reverently opened by the portress, we have before us a travelling altar-piece of extreme antiquity. The painting, which represents the Virgin and Child, and some other figures, is of the Albert Durer style of delineation, and such has been the care bestowed on its preservation, that the colours are as clear and brilliant in effect as they were centuries ago. Before leaving the hall, we were shown a number of antique vessels still in use, including two leathern stoups or black jacks for ale, which we were assured were three centuries old. The hall is at present used only in allotting and distributing the food of the inmates, who now enjoy the privilege of carrying their doles to their respective lodgings. This concession to modern habits is of importance to the married men who receive the bounty of the establishment. At the period of my visit, the brethren were engaged in the agreeable duty of carrying off their dinner, with bread and beer, and the whole place wore the appearance of joyous comfort. Each inmate has three chambers for his use, either on the ground or upper floor, also a patch of garden behind for cultivation or amusement; and, besides his daily allowance, he receives about half-a-crown weekly, and a share of the fines on the renewal of the hospital lands. At Christmas, Easter, the obit of the founder, and one or two other occasions annually, they enjoy a festival of more than usual hilarity, and, upon the whole, I should consider that they lead as easy and useless a life as any monk who ever wore cowl, and loitered away existence in a cloister.

Having thus disposed of the brethren in their snug vine-clad domiciles, like so many bees in their well-stocked hives, we step across the green turf of the court-yard to the tall old church, which next invites our attention. To antiquaries, the ecclesiastical structure will seem the most interesting of all parts of St Cross's establishment. It was founded and partly built by Henry de Blois, brother, as we have said, of King Stephen, and finished by the pious Wykeham. To a superficial observer, it will appear only a damp, cold, and plainly fitted-up church, in the usual form of cross aisles; but those who are desirous of studying the early efforts of the architect to realise what afterwards became the pure Anglo-Gothic style, will be delighted with various points in the structure. We observe, in the lofty central choir, a similar blending of the round and lance-shaped arches which distinguish the older portion of the cathedral, and embody varied specimens of the Saxon, Norman, and Pointed style. Here, likewise, we behold every ornament appertaining to this early period of architecture—the chevron, the billet, the hatch, the pellet, the fret, the nabulé, down to the wavey, all executed in the best style of art. From these antique architectural devices overhead and on the lower walls, we direct our eyes to the pavement, which is in many places composed of ancient tiles of mixed colours, and the art of making which appears to be lost. On some are inscribed the words "Have mynde," an admonition probably intended to remind the brethren to pray for the souls of their deceased benefactors. The church also contains several sepulchral inscriptions on brass; one, placed under the central tower, is that of John de Campden, master of St Cross

In 1383. There is, however, a monumental inscription of a still earlier era, being that commemorative of a master named Peters, and bearing the date 1295. Near this tomb, in the open aisle fronting the entrance, is placed a baptismal font, which is supposed originally to have belonged to the church of St Faith, a structure which was taken down in the sixteenth century, when its parochial institutions were annexed to the church of St Cross.

In pity to the reader, I must now draw this idle gossip about things of the olden time to a conclusion. I will not tell him how I sauntered for an hour round the precincts of St Cross, inspecting the exterior of the buildings which contained the living, and the burying-ground which afforded a place of repose to the dead. It is enough to say that I viewed the whole as an object of the deepest interest, from its antiquity, and as a singular monument of the benevolence and piety of former times, suffered to remain in an almost unaltered condition to the present day.

THE GRATEFUL GYPSY.

A STORY.*

ONE pleasant morning in the end of October, about the beginning of the present century, whilst Eliza Wilson was enjoying herself plucking the ripe brambles which grew in the wood near to her father's residence of Linfern, she was suddenly joined by a trio of ragged children, two boys and a girl, the last of the group apparently about five years of age. Eliza was herself but a child, though her years doubled those of the stranger. She was very timid, and ran instantly towards her excellent governess, Miss Anderson, who was seated at the foot of a tree, and had been engaged reading during the time that her youthful pupil was amusing herself according to the over-varying fancy of childhood. When Miss Anderson approached, she at once recognised the intruders to be the offspring of the gypsy tribe, a race of wanderers who very frequently pitched their tent at the entrance to this forest belonging to Eliza's father; and the worthy gentleman never grieved their title to a temporary residence on his property.

"How many of your people are here just now?" inquired Miss Anderson of one of the boys.

"There are two camps," he replied.

By this description my readers are to understand two camps, which serve as travelling conveyances to this strange, migratory race, and whenever they halt, during their course of perpetual travel, this vehicle, supported in a horizontal form, and hung round with blankets, is the shelter whither they retire for the night. Under these carts whole families repose, the cold earth being their pillow. Miss Anderson observed that the little girl's worn-out habiliments were so much in tatters that she was almost totally naked.

"Why does that child's mother suffer her to be so ill clothed?" she inquired of the oldest boy.

"She has no father or mother," he replied.

"What! has she no relation in your camp?" resumed Miss Anderson.

"No relation," continued the gypsy narrator; "she has followed our people from Yorkshire, where her own folks all died a year ago."

"Poor child!" said Miss Anderson, and she kindly stroked the cheek of the forlorn and destitute being before her, exclaiming, at the same time, in a half audible voice, "Oh that I were rich!"

The girl, apparently unused to tenderness, looked gratefully in the face of the lady now mentioned, and also clung to her gown, whilst her infantine countenance was lighted up with a glow of frolic which neither want nor suffering had altogether subdued.

"What is your name?" asked Eliza Wilson, handing her a biscuit as she spoke.

"Moggie," answered the child, leaping for joy as she eagerly devoured the young lady's gift.

"Moggie Ruthven," said one of the boys, "and Moggie is Margaret in print books, folk say."

"Oh, Miss Anderson," said her youthful pupil, "if papa would allow Moggie to sit by our kitchen fire, and Fergie would teach her to spin, and let her sleep in her bed at night, and then, you know, I could give her some of my clothes, and I could give her lessons, too, the lessons you have taught me. Oh, dear Miss Anderson, come and let us ask papa."

This trait of affectionate feeling on the part of her protégée, delighted the benevolent mind of Eliza's governess, and she expressed herself pleased at her pupil's kindness of heart, now evinced in anxiety to provide for the stranger. "You know, my love," said she, "that all that you have is your papa's property, and you have no right to bestow either the dress which he has given you, or to promise accommodation in his house, without his permission. However, we shall hear what he will say to your proposal."

Miss Anderson and her pupil accordingly proceeded to the house of Linfern, where Mr Wilson was seated in his old wainscoted dining-room. Eliza was his only child, the child of his old age, for his years were now

seventy in number. Very dear was she to her father, and more so, on account of this painful circumstance connected with her birth—the death of her excellent mother. Mr and Mrs Wilson had been twenty years married, during which period they remained childless. And when, at the end of the period now mentioned, they hailed with joy and gratitude the birth of a daughter, one week served to convince all around of the mutability of earthly enjoyments; for Mrs Wilson's presence had ceased to bless either husband or child only eight days after the latter first drew breath. Mr Wilson felt long and deeply the loss of his beloved wife, and not being able to separate himself from Eliza, he engaged the services of a lady to take charge of her education at home. Miss Anderson well supplied a mother's place, and had lived at Linfern for the last six years. But to return to our narrative.

While walking from the wood, where Eliza first saw the gypsies, to the house, Moggie followed her kind friends apparently in great glee, one minute laughing in their faces, the next dancing to her own wild music, now leaping over stones and bushes, and, at last, when Miss Anderson and Eliza stood before Mr Wilson, little Flibbertigibbet was jumping in a gay and lively manner, like a bird hopping from spray to spray. Eliza ran forwards to her papa, sprang upon his knee, and straightway her arm was round his neck, and his cheek and forehead were stroked by her tiny hand, and in the most coaxing accents which artless childhood had hitherto taught her to use, she besought him to allow Moggie to become an inmate of their house. "Papa," said she, "Moggie has no parents or relations." "Well, my dear," replied Mr Wilson, "let the lassie remain here for the night, and send her down to the camp in the morning, to be off with her ain folk." Eliza was obliged in the mean time to content herself with this answer.

On the following day, one of the farm-servants, who lived in a cottage hard by, was desired to convey the little stranger to the gypsy encampment, when, to the surprise of the whole household of Linfern, it was found that the gypsy band had fled, leaving the child to the care of the family. Eliza had no feeling of aristocratic pride, and the thought of having a child to play with her was delightful to her juvenile perceptions. She danced about the room, and Moggie, whose extreme liveliness made her feel quite at her ease, followed her example. Eliza, according to her formerly expressed intention, commenced to instruct her playfellow in reading. However, the employment of teaching was too serious a one for her volatile years, so that the task fell to the lot of Miss Anderson. This lady found her new pupil possessed of a quickness of capacity, she had never seen equalled. Little Moggie's talents seemed only to be rivalled by her affectionate disposition, and willingness to oblige all who lived in the house with her. When the look of famine and misery vanished from her cheek and eye, she became a beautiful child. Miss Anderson possessed a heart of the most enlightened philanthropy, and in her estimation high rank, and all its pomp of circumstance, when compared with the nobility of nature, seemed but "trifles light as air." The thought entered into her mind of imparting to her little gypsy protégée the knowledge by which she had been enabled hitherto to maintain herself in most respectable circumstances.

In this sketch of domestic life, we now pass over a period of eleven years, and present the characters considerably altered by time. We shall only speak at present of what the revolution of years had done for the junior branches of the happy household of Linfern. Miss Wilson was now a grown-up young lady, both amiable and handsome, and being of an ancient, though not of a rich family, she had doubtless many suitors. Regarding the aspect of our heroine, the gypsy—whom we shall come to call Moggie, as that name reminds us of her tattered garments and penury, and shall henceforth designate Margaret, or Miss Ruthven—she had now arrived at the age of sixteen. Her complexion was rather dark, but this was not unsuitable with the brilliancy of her black eyes, the exquisite whiteness of her teeth, and those delicate aquiline features which at once indicate a high style of beauty. Her figure was slender and sylph-like, yet finely rounded, and graceful as that of a Nautch girl of Hindostan. But let us inquire how these changes were regarded by those who visited at Linfern. By too many, alas! she was treated with distance, and some even evinced contempt for one who was worse than nobody, that is, inferior to the daughter of a poor man or a low man, for she owed her birth to a lawless race of vagrants.

The only sister of Mr Wilson married an English gentleman, by name Colonel Vincent. She had been some time dead, when her youngest son for the first time paid a visit to his uncle and cousin. He told them that he could only be their guest during one month, as he had been recently appointed to a cadetship in the service of the East India Company; and must therefore quickly join his regiment in Bengal. The young soldier was only seventeen; he was frank, open-hearted, and intelligent beyond his years. Eliza Wilson was delighted with Arthur Vincent. Notwithstanding that he was her junior, she found his conversation instructive as well as entertaining, for he had seen much more of the world than she had done, her duty to her aged father requiring her to be constantly at home, and in the country. He was, besides, more polished in manner than any young man she had hitherto met with, so that Eliza felt great pleasure in the society of her cousin. But it was not love that she experienced. It is not usual, nor at all natural, for a young woman of one and twenty to fall in love with a lad of seventeen, although he may be superior to most of his contemporaries. Arthur Vincent, on his part, loved Miss Wilson with the most sincere friendship, but for Margaret Ruthven he entertained an enthusiastic attachment. He was completely captivated with the attractions of this lovely young creature; and he made his friend Eliza the confidant of his feelings on the subject.

"My dear Arthur," said his cousin, "consider how the aristocratic prejudice of your father would be outraged by the thought of such an union. He is himself descended

from one of the most ancient families in Derbyshire, and what he considers respectable birth in the marriages of his children, will ever be regarded by him as indispensable. Besides, remember your extreme youth, and strive to resist the sin of disobedience to your parent. If, after the expiration of four years, you find that neither time nor absence has had power to annihilate your affection for my young friend, then you can, with a better grace, implore the consent of Colonel Vincent before marriage, and if denied, his forgiveness after it. Nevertheless, I pray that at present you make no attempt to gain the affections of Margaret, who is possessed of acute sensibility; and your first professed regard for her, and then neglecting her, might prove destructive to the health, nay, perhaps even to the life, of the unhappy girl."

The young man promised that, until he should be of age, he would defer his union with Miss Ruthven, but, at the same time, he would not engage to be silent to Margaret herself regarding his attachment.

Our heroine was flattered by the attentions which she received from the handsome nephew of Mr Wilson. He pulled the fairest flowers for her, he wandered from hill to hill in search of the finest scenes for her pencil. She was already an artist of no mean pretensions, and her taste in painting was so excursive, that there was hardly an object in nature or art but what the imitative power of her genius enabled her to produce a surprising resemblance of. The time of Vincent's departure approached, and in a solitary field he found Margaret when he came to bid her farewell. He could not resist disclosing to her his secret sentiments, in the hope that his love would meet with a favourable reception. But, in an instant, surprise and sorrow blanched the cheek of poor Arthur, when the only girl he had loved, and one whom he loved most tenderly, told him, with an expression of subdued mildness, with very grateful acknowledgments, but at the same time in a decided manner, that she could never accept the offer of his hand. With some difficulty he gave utterance to the following words:—

"And, at my return from India, must I find you the wife of another?"

"The wife of no one will you ever find me, dear Mr Vincent," replied the girl; "but reasons which I cannot disclose to you, occasion my choice of a single life."

"Farewell, then," said he. "I shall not utterly despair of gaining your affections after you have had proof of many years fidelity on my part. Farewell! and may every blessing attend you."

Arthur departed, to the great regret of all at Linfern, and soon afterwards took leave of Old England.

Vincent was the only gentleman who had ever treated Margaret Ruthven with peculiar and devoted attention, and she could not be indifferent to his striking preference of her, especially when contrasted with the cold, heartless civilities, which were the utmost she received from the neighbouring gentry.

The joyous feelings of early youth, though for a season clouded, soon look forth again from amidst temporary shadows, clad in the sunny radiance of their own brightness. Such was the state of our heroine's mind a few months after the departure of her lover, and her happiness at this time was greatly increased by the anticipated event of Miss Wilson's marriage, thus proving that her conjectures were unfounded as to Eliza's love for Vincent.

The gentleman to whom Miss Wilson was about to give her hand, with the entire approbation of her now aged parent, belonged to the mercantile profession, and resided in Edinburgh. Mr Allan was not rich, that is to say, he had not realised a fortune; but his business as a general merchant was lucrative, and his prospects at this time were as good as those of other young men who had chosen the same line of life. A numerous bridal party was assembled at Linfern, on which occasion Margaret Ruthven was honoured as the officiating bridesmaid to her benefactress. And now, Mrs Allan left her father's house, amidst the tears of the affectionate old man, while, at the same time, it may be well believed that the parting of the bride herself with him was a sorrowful one, when she considered that she could no longer be constantly present to soothe her father's advanced years. However, this dutiful daughter, before she would consent to leave her early home, had prevailed on Miss Anderson to be a constant inmate at Linfern during the remainder of Mr Wilson's life. This gentleman felt grateful to the excellent person who had discharged the duties both of mother and governess to his child, and in his will he bequeathed to her an annuity, to be paid from the rental of his estate, immediately after his decease. He did still more; knowing Miss Anderson's partiality for Linfern, he caused a handsome little cottage to be erected in a pleasant field, where there were a few straggling trees. Its walls were whitewashed, jessamine and honeysuckle also covering the front of it; and a pretty little garden surrounded it behind and before. This was intended as the future residence of Miss Anderson, in the event of Mr Wilson's death, and he felt pleased to contemplate that whenever that should occur, her finances were such as to enable her to maintain herself without further toil, as long as she remained an inhabitant of this world.

The time now approached when Margaret Ruthven should leave the hospitable mansion of her kind benefactor, and provide for her own wants by landable industry. When she had attained the age of seventeen, her friend Mrs Allan procured for her a situation in the metropolis of Scotland.

Miss Ruthven was received with much kindness into the family of Mr Allison, a writer to the signet, and she became the preceptor of this gentleman's two daughters.

The children very soon loved their governess exceedingly, and the progress they made under her tuition, rendered her a most valuable person in the eyes of their dotting parents, who in a short time increased her salary to £50 per annum, at that time considered a handsome allowance for a young person situated as she was. Margaret had not been many months absent from Linfern, when her friend Mrs Allan had to mourn the death of her venerable old father; and it may be well supposed that our heroine shed many tears over the grave of her

* We extract the above story, with some slight abridgments, from a volume which we should have brought under the notice of our readers some time ago: it is entitled, "The Daughters of the West" (Edinburgh—1849), and consists of a series of narrative pieces, strung together after the manner of Miss Lou's Canterbury Tales. The work is the composition of a lady of most merit, and possesses no small share of literary acquirements.

benefactor, whose dissolution, though long expected, was nevertheless a great bereavement to those who had for so many years assembled round his hospitable fireside. His daughter was the sole heiress of Mr Wilson's estate, which was burdened merely with a small annuity to Miss Anderson, who now retired to her woodland cottage.

From the date of Mrs Allan's marriage five years had passed rapidly away, and, with the exception of her father's death, no shade of misfortune had in the slightest degree blighted the happiness she enjoyed as the wife of Mr Allan. During this period she had become the mother of three fine children, a boy and two girls. But, alas! earthly prosperity is often fleeting as a summer cloud, which the noonday sun quickly dissipates. The mercantile house in which Mr Allan was a partner, being involved by the failure of several eminent merchants in London, was now declared insolvent. Mrs Allan's landed property was not entailed, nor settled in such a manner as to exclude the right of her husband's creditors to the possession of it. Linnfern was seized by the latter, and quickly advertised for sale. Poor Miss Anderson was now obliged to leave the premises, to lose her annuity, and, what was still more unfortunate, the total savings of her past life, which were in the hands of Mr Allan. The melancholy intelligence of the failure was the occasion of such intense grief to our heroine as to cause a fever, with strong delirium. However, after recovering health and strength, her mental energy resumed its power, and she was not long in designing a plan whereby to aid both her benefactresses. She thought it but a light matter that all her salary should be transmitted to them, and that for a great length of time she should purchase no new clothes. The profits resulting from the labours of her pen were now put in requisition for behoof of those she loved.

The creditors of Mr Allan allowed him what was sufficient to preserve his wife and children from beggary; yet Margaret Ruthven well knew that this lady had been all her life accustomed to many indulgences, which habit had converted into necessities; and also that Mrs Allan had at present not the means of procuring those comforts. All that our heroine conveyed either to the Allans or Miss Anderson, was done in such a way that the donor could not be detected, lest the industrious earnings of the poor girl should have been declined. Margaret's quondam governess being rather too far advanced in life to render her situation agreeable by entering into the house of strangers in that capacity, chose, in preference, to have a small school for girls; and for this purpose she hired a cheap lodging in the southern part of Edinburgh. The number of her scholars was not considerable, and the pittance she derived from their tuition was inadequate for her maintenance. She would not beg, and must have starved, had it not been for her former pupil, once the little ragged gypsy.

At this time Margaret Ruthven rose with the lark, and never permitted the morning sun to surprise her with closed eyes. Soon after dawn she would start from her pillow, dress herself hurriedly, and prepare her colours, waiting only for sufficient light to commence her labours. Her works sold well, and great was her delight when she found that by this means she could in some degree contribute to the comfort and maintenance of those who had protected her orphan childhood.

Linnfern was two years in the market before a purchaser appeared for it. At last Mr Allison, in whose family Margaret Ruthven lived, was commissioned to buy the estate for a gentleman who at that time was residing abroad.

It may be supposed that the former inmates of Linnfern were anxious to know to whom their quondam habitation now belonged; but their curiosity was fruitless, as the name of the present possessor was kept secret by his man of business, who in this respect acted according to the wishes of his client.

About five years subsequent to the failure of Mr Allan, that gentleman became a second time successful in trade, and his family were now independent of all aid but what he could himself procure for them. Our heroine's affectionate heart being consequently satisfied as to the comfort of the Allans, she still prosecuted her painting, with the view of realising a competence for Miss Anderson, in order that this lady might be able to retire to the country, and relinquish the toil of teaching during the remainder of her life.

One morning, when Margaret went to the shop of the carver and gilder where she frequently disposed of her pictures, she observed a gentleman dressed in deep mourning, who seemed from his attitude to be intently examining one of her landscapes. His back was towards her, and, from the bent and rather elderly aspect of the figure, he seemed about forty. However, when he turned round, she observed that he was young, though much emaciated, and apparently in very delicate health. The stranger's eye was scarcely for a moment diverted from his contemplation of the picture. Our heroine felt inclined to remain till after his departure, that she might learn the name of this admirer of her painting. However, a sense of modesty caused her to withdraw, lest she should be afterwards introduced to him as the fair artist. On returning home, Mrs Allison told Margaret that her husband expected a client to dine with him, a gentleman who had just returned from abroad.

On entering the drawing-room before dinner, Margaret was surprised to behold the person whom she had seen some hours previously gazing at her landscape. Mrs Allison politely introduced her young friend to the stranger. He bestowed but a momentary glance at her, when immediately he seized her hand, clasped her in his arms, then burst into a flood of tears. With difficulty he at last exclaimed, "Margaret!"

The voice fell upon her ear like an electric shock. She in her turn looked attentively in the gentleman's countenance, and it was a little while before even love could recognise, in the shattered appearance of Major Vincent, what was once the youthful form of her beloved Arthur. We shall now suppose the drawing-room of Mr Allison's house emptied of all its inmates save the lovers, eager to hear each other's tale.

Major Vincent's history was one of war, repeated wounds, and broken health, with here and there the pleasant interludes of the captures of Indian towns, and abundance of treasure found. The allowance of the latter which had fallen to his share enabled him now to retire from military service; and his physicians entertained hopes that a short residence in a European climate would at his early age recruit his strength. He told Margaret that he had never been inconstant in his regard for her, but that, knowing his father's disapprobation of the match, he could not during the lifetime of his parent unite his fate with hers; and a sense of filial duty also forbade him even to correspond with her, lest such should be discovered by Colonel Vincent. That gentleman being now no more, Arthur Vincent knew no further obstacle to prevent his union with one whom he had so long loved.

Arthur was hitherto the unknown proprietor of Linnfern, and the cause of his name being concealed was an unwillingness that Margaret should hear the mention of it, as long as the thought of him must be allied with the idea of inconstancy; and while his father lived, he could make no disclosure concerning the continuance of his regard for her. Major Vincent told our heroine that he had in the morning purchased a landscape, "drawn surely," said he, "by a first-rate artist;" and he mentioned that the scene was one which he had formerly pointed out to her as a fit subject for her pencil. She smiled, but dared not tell that she had failed to recognise her lover when in the attitude of contemplating the picture now alluded to.

Margaret told Major Vincent that the idea of his cousin's attachment to him, was the sole cause which in her early youth prevented the engagement of her hand to him. She had soon found, she added, that her opinion in this respect was erroneous; nevertheless, Arthur was assured by her that one condition must be submitted to on his part, ere Margaret's consent could be obtained to be his wife.

"I am, indeed, willing to make a great sacrifice for your sake," he replied; "tell me quickly what you wish."

"I wish," said she, with firmness of manner, "that you restore to Mrs Allan the abode of her ancestors, the inheritance she has lost from the misfortunes of her husband. Give back to your cousin the estate of Linnfern without recompence or reward, and let it be settled upon herself and children, so that no creditor of Mr Allan's can ever lay claim to it; let it be burdened only with the liferent of Miss Anderson's cottage, and with the annuity which your uncle bequeathed to that lady. After this matter is legally settled, then, and not till then, can the poor and low-born Margaret Ruthven become the wife of the well-descended and rich Major Vincent."

The fortune of Arthur was so ample, that the loss of four hundred a-year was to him inconsiderable; yet he was grieved and disappointed in consequence of this request, for he desired ardently to conduct his beautiful bride through those woods and meadows where he had formerly walked with her, when she viewed herself a dependant, and which he fondly hoped she would now behold as her own. But her purpose was taken, and nothing could overcome a resolution strong as hers was. She could make any sacrifice for those she loved, and the love that could not in turn make sacrifices for her, appeared too questionable to be accepted of. At last her wishes were gratified, her friends reinstated in their former habitation, and Mrs Vincent's marriage-joint was to Linnfern, the restored residence of Mrs Allan.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

CLUB-HOUSES FOR WORKMEN.

IN the western or fashionable parts of London, there are a number of large and particularly splendid buildings called Club-Houses. These establishments are individually the property of a body of subscribers or members, each paying a certain sum at entry, and afterwards annually, to liquidate the general expenses of the concern. The members are admitted to the society by ballot; and a committee undertakes the management, the appointment of servants, &c. These club-houses combine the character of a hotel for day-boarding, and a reading-room. Nobody sleeps in the houses at night. Members are alone permitted to resort to any part of the establishment. This species of institution holds out two advantages to its members—an exclusive society, and the means of enjoying all kinds of food, drink, literary recreation, and other comforts, at cost price. The price of every article served is charged according to a low fixed scale, nearly corresponding to its original cost in the market. Thus, the members of club-houses pay no profit on anything they consume, while they enjoy the additional benefit of having all their commodities purchased in large quantities, and at the lowest wholesale price. It remains to be explained, that the members of these institutions belong almost entirely to the higher orders, such as the nobility, landed gentry, members of the House of Commons, and officers of the army and navy. The middle classes, having little time to spare, and being more inclined to spend that little time at home, in the bosom of their families, than in places of public resort, have never fallen into the way of setting up club-houses, and probably never will.

Our object in mentioning these fashionable establishments, is to suggest the propriety of copying them, to a certain extent and under certain restrictions, in the humbler walks of life. They would not by any means answer in places with a small population; but in all large towns, where there is a considerable aggregation of the working classes, they might be set up with the best prospects of success. At present, as is universally allowed, the houses of vast numbers of workmen are very limited in size, poorly furnished, and any thing but comfortable. In such towns as

London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, there are thousands of young operatives who are unmarried, and rent a very small apartment wherein they sleep. It is of no use to tell these men to go home after their day's labour is over, and sitting down comfortably by the fire, peruse some good or entertaining work. They have neither a parlour to sit in nor a book to amuse them; perhaps one-half of them cannot even read, or at any rate cannot read with fluency and satisfaction. We know that such is the case. Lecturers on temperance, science, and other subjects, when they recommend their auditors to spend their leisure hours in reading at home, are sometimes told by the operatives that they should be very glad to follow the advice, provided, in the first place, they had fit homes to go to; and in the second, that they could read when they got there. The recommendation, therefore, though well meant, is of little practical value. For those who have commodious homes and the means of making them attractive and comfortable, no club-houses of any description are wanted, and, consequently, to them our observations do not apply. We refer only to that large mass of very imperfectly educated, paid, and lodged working men, with which some of our great seats of population abound. Let these, then, we say, imitate the economic principle on which the London club-house system is founded. Club or unite a small portion of your weekly earnings, so as to raise a sum sufficiently large to purchase or rent a commodious set of premises. The house should contain a large sitting apartment, fitted up with tables and benches like a coffee-room, be well heated, and supplied with newspapers, books, and periodical publications; a separate room, in which a person could read aloud to those who felt disinclined to peruse a paper themselves; a person of respectable character to be appointed as housekeeper and director, who could undertake to supply certain articles of food at a low fixed charge; house to be open from five in the morning till nine in the evening; tea, coffee, or any other liquid not of an intoxicating quality, to be only allowable within the premises.

We present this as a rough sketch of the plan and organisation of a club-house for the working classes, and of which one might be established in every district of a large town, according to circumstances. With such an institution, every operative would have it in his power to command a permanent fund of comfort at the minimum of expense. He would eat at least a portion of his food at a trifling advance on the wholesale market price; and he would have a place in which he could spend his leisure hours with advantage, or in harmless and improving recreation. One thing only strikes us as a possible drawback. If married men were to be drawn from the midst of their families to spend their time in such houses, the scheme would be so far injurious. Possibly, there might be such restrictions as to obviate this consequence. At the same time, we are not to consider even the case of the married men as one in which there is home on the one side and a club-house on the other: it is in a great measure a question between the besetting public-house and the temperate reading-room. The institution would be a kind of temperance coffee-room, only sustained by the men themselves, and furnished with every thing at cost-price.

It will be observed that the plan which we suggest differs from that of mechanics' institutions, schools of arts, and similar establishments, only in so far as the principle is confined to objects of a less aspiring nature. Mechanics' institutions have, generally speaking, failed in their design, as respects the mental cultivation of the working classes. It is discovered that but a small proportion of the members are mechanics; the greater number being in reality shopkeepers and young persons of a miscellaneous order, who embrace the opportunity of procuring scientific education at a cheap rate. Such a result might have been foreseen; the bulk of the operative classes, when released from their daily toil, have no relish for abstract studies. They require to be amused and cheered; and as nothing in the form of harmless amusement falls in their way, they adjourn, as a matter of course, to the public-house, or loiter away their time idly in the open street. A proposal has lately been made to grant public assistance to mechanics' institutions and schools of arts; and to this there can be no reasonable objection, only let it be understood that it is not the working classes who will be benefited. An institution, to be serviceable to the mass of this order of men—we speak more particularly of the masses in Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and Yorkshire—would require to be of that simple and unpretending character to which we have above alluded; in fact, an establishment which proposed to give a degree of bodily comfort, independently of any kind of literary recreation, and at such a cheap cost that it would be available by all.

CURE OF SQUINTING.

A person in London, who favours us with his name and address, mentions, that in consequence of the account given in the Journal (No 423) of the mode of curing squinting by a surgical operation, he had been induced to submit himself to the hands of a skilful surgeon in the metropolis, who, by an operation on the eye, of only a few minutes' duration, effectually remedied a squint which he had possessed since youth. In little more than ten days, he observes, the slight wound was completely healed, and he now looks perfectly straight, with a greater range of vision than formerly. This is a very gratifying announcement.

It appears that squinting now falls within the scope of the surgeon's art, the same as any other superficial defect or injury in the bodily frame; and, therefore, any one who continues to endure the perpetual annoyance of obliquity of vision, has in a great measure himself to blame. We believe that surgeons are to be found in every large town capable of performing the operation.

INSTRUCTION OF YOUTH IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

HIGH SCHOOL OF GLASGOW.

On a former occasion we gave a short sketch of some interesting improvements which had been introduced in the High School of Glasgow, with the view of increasing its range of usefulness, and bringing it into conformity with the more extended views of education which now prevail. Previous to 1834, this great school was strictly a classical seminary. Nothing was taught there but Latin and Greek, and writing and book-keeping. There was one teacher only for the latter branches, on which one, or at most two hours daily were spent; while there were four or five classical teachers, who occupied the pupils' time five or six hours daily. In 1834, the classical department was cut down to two masters, and three (now two) hours daily; and teachers were introduced for the English language and literature—arithmetic, geography, and mathematics—modern languages—and drawing. Able teachers of these very important branches being appointed, and the public becoming more alive to the necessity of giving their children full instruction in these newly introduced departments, the change was attended with great success. The school, which was previously declining, revived, and the English and mathematical departments are now absolutely crowded; each teacher requiring the aid of an assistant to get through the duties which his loaded benches impose upon him. The teacher in the English department is Mr A. J. D. D'Oisey, a gentleman whose professional abilities are of the first order, and to whose enterprise and perseverance, in the face of formidable obstacles, much of the reputation of this department in the institution is doubtless to be ascribed. It may be added, that no small praise is also due to Mr Connel, who has, with great success, conducted the mathematical department of the school, as well as to all the other teachers.

But though these changes alone were exceedingly important, and conferred no small boon on the citizens and youth of Glasgow, we cannot but consider another department, which has lately sprung up in this school, as equally entitled to consideration on account of its utility, while its novelty gives it a still more particular claim. We refer to the PHILOSOPHICAL DEPARTMENT. This section, from small beginnings, has gradually become a branch of great importance. It commenced with a short course on natural philosophy by the mathematical teacher. A course on chemistry was afterwards introduced. These, given only once or twice a-week, for one hour at a time, could not convey much solid information to the pupil, and gave a degree of trouble to the teacher disproportionate to the remuneration.

Accordingly, it was suggested to the Town-Council (the patrons of the school) by Mr Reid, then the teacher of the chemical class, to create a philosophical department, under one teacher, and embracing the three great branches of physical science—natural philosophy, chemistry, and natural history; and to assign a separate class-room for the teaching of these branches. Thus, the master would be enabled, by meeting the pupils frequently, to give a substantial body of instruction in these sciences, taking them through a full and satisfactory course, extending over several years—at once conveying efficient information on a number of useful subjects, and forming an admirable system of mental discipline. To this the council agreed; a "philosophical department" was created, and a separate class-room assigned to it. This was the first institution of the kind in Scotland; and as it holds out an example we would desire to see imitated in every public school, we believe a few observations on the subject will not be inappropriate at the present time.

If we inquire what are the objects of education, we shall find that there are few studies that tend more to promote these objects than the physical sciences; and we shall be disposed to congratulate ourselves on living in an age when these sciences have acquired such an extent and systematic form, that they are capable of being thrown into a plain course for the instruction of youth—such a relation to the works of nature and art, that they constitute a course of study at once useful and delightful. We are somewhat too much apt to smile and wonder at our ancestors, and dispute their wisdom in causing their children to spend so much time in studying the dead languages. But what could they do! They were sensible, as well as we are, of the advantages of education and mental training, and keeping the time of the young always occupied. But they had no other knowledge to offer them but Greek and Latin. There was no natural philosophy, no chemistry, no botany, no zoology, no mineralogy, no geology, scarcely astronomy; no travels or geography, little history, excepting that of the Greeks and Romans; and scarcely an English literature. In short, there was no knowledge but that of languages and ancient his-

tory; and our forefathers made ample provision for having their children instructed in the knowledge that the times afforded.

But we are better provided. The book of nature has, to a certain extent, been laid open to our view. More knowledge, really useful knowledge, has been accumulated within the last one hundred and fifty years than the whole stock then possessed by mankind. Numbers of substances previously quite unknown have been discovered, their properties examined, and applied to useful purposes. An immense mass of curious and interesting facts have been brought to light. We now have what Locke complains of the want of—"a comprehensive, scientific, and satisfactory knowledge of the works of nature." Our knowledge is positive, not speculative; systematic, though not complete. The contrast between the knowledge of Locke's time and that of ours, is like that between midnight and noon. Let us not, then, shut our eyes to the light. Let us make use of the ample stores of knowledge which have been laid up. Let education take advantage of the extension of science, and adapt it to the understandings of the young. Let us, now that we have the means, cultivate the faculties of youth by imparting knowledge, which, being somewhat congenial to their tastes, will awaken, stimulate, and interest them—at once a tool whereby to sharpen their intellects, and a material of value in itself.

Independently of religious and moral instruction, there are three great objects to be attained by the education of youth.

1. To communicate information which shall be useful professionally, and in fitting the individual for intercourse with society, and furnishing agreeable and rational resources for leisure hours.
2. To train and exercise the intellectual faculties.
3. To occupy the time.

Our limits prevent us entering on any exposition of how admirably the physical sciences are adapted for these ends, except what is hinted in the following sketch, extracted from the prospectus published when the philosophical department was established in the Glasgow High School, which will convey some idea of the ends proposed to be attained:—

"To familiarise the pupils with the appearances of the various products of nature and art, apparatus, and philosophical instruments, and teach them how to distinguish them from each other.

To teach them the composition of bodies, their properties, the phenomena arising from their mutual action, their uses, and how and where procured.

To instruct them in the principles of natural philosophy and chemistry, on which the useful arts depend; a knowledge of which is now found to be essential in so many different pursuits, while all find it difficult to acquire that knowledge unless the first encounter of the study be made in youth, when there is time for it, when the mind is pliant and flexible, easily takes up new ideas, and is in the habit of learning.

By directing attention to the interesting phenomena of nature and art, and the truths of science, to implant early a taste for, and furnish the means of, agreeable, harmless, and rational occupation for leisure hours in after life.

To communicate that information regarding the nature of the various bodies and powers which surround us on all sides, and are continually acting on us, and influencing our condition (as air, water, attraction, heat, &c.), which is now necessary to qualify for general intercourse in society.

To communicate that information, that sense of the importance of the applications of science, which will enable those who will be our future magistrates and councillors, directors of public trusts, merchants and manufacturers, to appreciate and assist in forwarding those improvements which the advance of science is daily suggesting.

The striking nature of the phenomena of the physical sciences—the hidden properties which they disclose—their applications in explaining the great phenomena of nature and the interesting processes of art, admirably adapt them to excite the interest of the young, and give them a pleasure in learning—to call their mental powers into action—stimulate and give a right turn to that disposition to observe and inquire which is so characteristic of boys—train them to habits of observing accurately—prevent that too great confidence in their preconceived notions, which they are apt to entertain, and lead them to penetrate beneath the surface of things, and reflect upon the causes of what comes before them. The varied properties and relations of bodies, the different modes of action which nature employs, and the peculiar principles, methods of inquiry, and modes of reasoning in each science, form an admirable basis for mental exercise. Such studies correct and invigorate the judgment by the analysis which they present of reasoning in all its varieties, and increase the mental resources by enriching the memory with stores from every quarter. A course of logic, the concluding and most valuable part of a general education, cannot be regarded as complete, unless it embrace an analysis of the several kinds of evidence on which the truths of science rest. These differ, both in degree and kind, from moral evidence and from each other. For sharpening and invigorating the intellectual powers, there is no exercise like the analysis of evidence; and the more varied the subjects of exercise the better. It is now allowed that men would be much better qualified for the business of life and the exercise of the liberal professions, were they carried through a preliminary

course of discipline in the various sciences; and the sciences are now far enough advanced, and their principles sufficiently settled, to admit of their being applied to this end."

In conclusion, we have to observe, that the fear sometimes expressed of youth being unfit for the study of science is totally groundless. From what we have witnessed, we feel perfectly assured that boys of from ten to fourteen years of age are capable—if it be properly set about and time allowed—of acquiring much more of the principles as well as facts of the sciences than is generally supposed. The sciences are like most other branches of knowledge, such as grammar, composed chiefly of facts; and we consider that youth are much more capable of understanding the laws of philosophy than the principles of language and grammar, while their minds may be at the same time as effectually trained to pursue a course of exact reasoning as if schooled in the abstractions of classical literature. In a correct scientific education, indeed, the degree of mental discipline it imposes is not the least of its recommendations.

Our object in thus bringing a sketch of what has been done to improve the course of instruction in the High School of Glasgow, before the extensive circle of our readers, has simply been to incite other institutions to pursue a similar line of policy. With extremely few exceptions, our provincial grammar-schools are daily falling behind in this age of advancement. Latin—Latin—Latin—scarcely any branch of a superior order but Latin, is taught at these seminaries, while the bulk of the boys instructed in them are designed for common mercantile and trading professions. Much of this evil is of course owing to the ignorance of parents; but much more is due to the want of the proper kind of seminaries. Let us hope that what has been above stated in reference to Glasgow, will be the means of remedying this remarkable deficiency.

THE OLD IRISH HARPERS.

THE harp appears to have been the national musical instrument of Ireland from a period beyond the range of authentic history. It continued, from the days of antiquity down to the end of the eighteenth century, to be practised by a body of men, generally blind, often of good families and respectable acquirements, who travelled about the country, receiving and giving entertainment in the houses of persons of condition. In those days, blindness was a comparatively common calamity in all ranks; the Irish gentry, of whatever extraction, were also more given to keeping up the national usages and amusements of Ireland: hence there were the more harpers and the more entertainment for them. Many of the harpers were composers of airs; and to their genius we must be considered as chiefly indebted for those exquisite melodies, which a refined musician and a refined poet of the present age have caused to be diffused wherever beautiful music is appreciated in the civilised world.

The last survivors of this musical fraternity had a meeting at Belfast in 1792, when they played over their best airs, in the presence of a distinguished audience, and received money prizes apportioned to their respective degrees of skill. On this occasion, there was present a young man named Edward Bunting, who felt, in a peculiar manner, the charms of the music, and the interest of the whole scene. He has given us the following account of the personal appearance of the men. "They were in general clad in a comfortable homely manner, in drab-coloured or grey cloth, of coarse manufacture. A few of them made an attempt at splendour, by wearing silver buttons on their coats, particularly O'Higgins and O'Neill; the former had his buttons decorated with his initials only, but O'Neill had his initials, surmounted by the crest of the O'Neills, engraved on buttons the size of half-a-crown. Some had horses and guides when travelling through the country; others their attendants only, who carried their harps. They seemed perfectly happy and contented with their lot, and all appeared convinced of the excellence of the genuine old Irish music, which they said had existed for centuries, and, from its delightful melody, would continue to exist for centuries to come. The editor [Mr Bunting] well remembers the anguish with which O'Neill contemplated the extinction of the old strains, which he said had been the delight of the Irish nation for so many years; he called them, with tears coursing down his aged cheeks, 'The dear, dear, sweet old Irish tunes!' Mr Bunting immediately set about collecting the harp music of Ireland. He travelled into the counties of Derry and Tyrone, and into the province of Connaught, taking down the airs from the country people, and from the surviving harpers. He was largely indebted to Denis Hempton, a harper above a hundred years of age, whom he found bedrid, but who still had his harp beside him, keeping it literally in his arms, under the bed-clothes. From him, also, Mr Bunting learned the ancient mode of fingering the harp, which was not done with the fleshy part at the end of the finger, as in the Italian harp, but by the space between the flesh and nail, the nail being for this purpose kept long and crooked. It was with difficulty

* Preceded in Great Britain only by the philosophical class established in the new Liverpool High School.

that this aged man could be induced to play the more ancient music. He regarded it with a superstitious veneration, and shrank from presenting it to modern, and perhaps unsympathising, ears. When asked to play these airs, he uniformly replied, "There was no use in doing so; they were too hard to learn; they revived painful recollections."

The consequence of Mr Bunting's exertions was the publication of sixty-six airs in 1796, and the addition of seventy-five in a second volume given to the world in 1809. These two volumes furnished the materials of the "Irish Melodies," as harmonised by Sir John Stevenson, and married to brilliant verse by Mr Moore. In the present year, nearly half a century after his attention was first attracted to the subject, Mr Bunting has given us a third volume,* containing a hundred and fifty-one airs, of which one hundred and twenty were never before published. These are arranged for the piano, and accompanied by a practical digest of ancient Irish musical science, and by much historical and traditional matter respecting both harping and harpers. Mr Bunting has thus performed a most eminent service to the world, for which the thanks of all persons of taste and feeling are due: he has been the preserver of the old Irish music. "While forming," he says, "these collections, he had an opportunity, never perhaps enjoyed by any other musical compiler, of rendering himself thoroughly acquainted with the genius and habits of the old native people of the country. His plan would have been imperfect, had he not resorted to the artless modulations of the aged heads of families, and of females taught by their parents to sing to children on the breast, or at the milking of the cow—an occupation in which the native Irish took particular delight. In these excursions, particularly in the remote parts of Tyrone and Derry in Ulster, and of Sligo and Mayo in Connaught, he has had the satisfaction of procuring old music, and experiencing ancient hospitality, at the same time, among people of manners so primitive and sincere, as could leave no doubt on any mind of the perfect genuineness of every thing about them. Had he gained nothing else on these occasions but a knowledge of the worth and warm-heartedness of his poor countrymen—a knowledge so little sought after by those who might turn it to the best account—he would have been well repaid for all his toil."

Mr Bunting's notices of the Irish harpers go back to the end of the sixteenth century, when there flourished two brothers, John and Harry Scott, eminent performers and composers from the county of Westmeath; Gerald O'Daly, the supposed author of Aileen-a-Roon (Robin Adair); and Roderick O'Cahan (pronounced O'Keene), otherwise called Rory Dall, that is, Blind Roderick, who was a chief person among the O'Cahans of the O'Cahan country, and entitled to large estates there. Tradition represents Rory Dall as travelling into Scotland, not long before the accession of James VI. to the English throne. He was attended by a retinue befitting a gentleman of figure. He is said to have called at Eglington Castle, where the lady, not apprehending his real character, affirmed him by asking a tune in a peremptory manner. "O'Cahan refused and left the castle. Her ladyship afterwards, understanding who he was, sought a reconciliation, which was readily effected. This incident gave occasion to the composition, by O'Cahan, of the appropriate tune of "Damhlí manam," or "Give me your hand," the fame of which afterwards spread through Scotland, and, reaching the ear of the king, induced him to send for the composer. O'Cahan accordingly attended at the Scottish court, and so delighted the royal circle with his performance, that James walked towards him, and laid his hand familiarly on his shoulder. One of the courtiers present remarking on the honour thus conferred on him, Rory observed, "A greater than King James has laid his hand on my shoulder." "Who was that, man?" cried the king. "O'Neill, sire," replied Rory, standing up. "This was O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, the leading Irish chief of his day, and who about this time in a rebellion against Elizabeth, had brought nearly the whole country to his feet."

Rory spent much of his time in Scotland, travelling about amongst the nobility and gentry. He composed Port or harp lessons in honour of his entertainers, and bearing their names—for example, Port Lennox, Port Gordon, and Port Athole. One of his best known pieces is called *Lady's Supper*, having been composed on a visit to the house of Robertson of Lude. He died in Skye, while on a visit at the house of Macdonald of Sleat, in which family his silver harp-key, adorned with precious stones, and worth seventy or eighty pounds in intrinsic value, was retained till 1773, when Lord Macdonald presented it to another harping visitor. The writer of this notice has heard the late Mr Alexander Campbell, editor of *Albyn's Anthology*, describe, with his characteristic enthusiasm, a pilgrimage he once made to the grave of Rory Dall, somewhere in the West Highlands.

The reign of Charles II. introduces us to Thomas Connellan, a native of the county of Sligo, some of whose airs, marked by great beauty, are preserved in Mr Bunting's new volume. He also travelled into Scotland, carrying with him, it is said, the air of

"Lochaber," which is here stated to have been the composition of a harper named Miles O'Reilly, of Killinacra in the county of Cavan. The latter days of Connellan brought him an honour, the last we should have expected to accrue to a "great harper:" he became a ballie in the city of Edinburgh, where he died. At a somewhat later time, flourished one Murphy, a first-rate performer, who travelled into France, and was admitted to play before the Grand Monarch. We have now come to the age of Carolan; but, having already given a life of this child of genius in our Journal, we shall here pass him over with the single remark, that a portrait of him, in Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, represents one of the most beautiful artistic heads we have ever beheld, while the countenance, sightless as it is, beams with the rapt expression of high genius. One of the most eminent of his contemporaries was Cornelius Lyons, harper to the Earl of Antrim, and composer of certain graceful variations to Aileen-a-Roon, Coelin, and other tunes, which Mr Bunting preserves. Lyons was a person of good manners and attainments, inasmuch that Lord Antrim himself delighted in his conversation. Our editor quotes, from a manuscript memoir by Arthur O'Neill, an anecdote which serves to show how peculiar the style of playing of some of these old harpers must have been. "His lordship was both a wit and a poet, and delighted in equality where vulgarity was not too gross. At one time, he and Lyons, in London, went to the house of a famous Irish harper, named Heffernan, who kept a tavern there; but, beforehand, they formed the following plan: 'I will call you Cousin Burke,' said his lordship; 'you may either call me Cousin Randall or my lord, as you please.' After regaling for some time, Heffernan was called up, who was, by this time, well aware of the dignity of his guests from the conversation and livery of his lordship's servants. When Heffernan came into the room, he was desired to bring his harp and sit down, which he did, and played a good many tunes in a grand style. His lordship then called upon his Cousin Burke to play a tune. The supposed cousin, after many apologies, at length took up the harp and played some of his best airs. Heffernan, after listening a little while, started up and exclaimed, 'My lord, you may call him Cousin Burke, or what you please, but, *dar diach*, he plays upon Lyons' fingers.' What is very extraordinary, Heffernan had never seen Lyons before. His lordship then retired, leaving the minstrels to indulge in Bacchanalian rivalry, which O'Neill assures us they did 'like bards of old.'"

Jerome Duignan, a Leitrim harper, who lived with a Colonel Jones of Drumshambo, was born about the year 1710. O'Neill relates an anecdote of him, which it is not easy to believe, yet looks after all characteristic. "The colonel, being in Dublin at the meeting of the parliament (in which he sat for Leitrim county), met with an English nobleman, who had brought over a Welsh harper. When the Welshman had played some tunes before the colonel, which he did very well, the nobleman asked him had he ever heard so sweet a finger. 'Yes,' replied Jones, 'and that by a man who never wears either linen or woollen.' 'I'll bet you a hundred guineas,' says the nobleman, 'you can't produce any one to excel my Welshman.' The bet was accordingly made, and Duignan was written to, to come immediately to Dublin, and bring his harp and dress of *Custock* with him; that is, a dress made of beaten rushes, with something like a caddy or plaid of the same stuff. On Duignan's arrival in Dublin, the colonel acquainted the members with the nature of his bet, and they requested that it might be decided in the *House of Commons*, before business commenced. The two harpers performed before all the members accordingly; and it was unanimously decided in favour of Duignan; who wore his full *Custock* dress, and a cap of the same stuff, shaped like a sugar-loaf, with many tassels; he was a tall handsome man, and looked very well in it."

Dominic Mangan, a native of Tyrone, and blind from his birth, regularly accompanied the bar on the north-west circuit. He was a prudent man, and giving his sons a good education, one of them became an eminent physician, and the other Bishop of Limerick in the established church. Behlin Kane, born at Drogheda, was an opposite character. "His love of adventure early led him to Rome, where he played before the Pretender, then resident there. He afterwards travelled into France and Spain, where the Irish, of whom there was at that time a great number residing in Madrid, patronised him very liberally, and introduced him to the notice of his Catholic Majesty, who is said to have contemplated settling a pension on him, in compliment to his countrymen. Kane's preference, however, was marred by his own indiscretions; and after exhausting the patronage of his countrymen at the Spanish court, he was obliged to set out for Bilbao, on his way home, on foot, and carrying his harp on his back. He is described as a very strong, tall, athletic man, and is asserted to have outstripped the post on his journey, which may appear the less extraordinary when the state of the roads in Spain at the time is considered." He was afterwards a great part of his time in Scotland, where Lord Macdonald presented him with the harp-key of Rory Dall; an unlucky proceeding, for the prodigal soon after converted it into money, to supply his extravagance. Kane died about 1780.

Let not the reader suppose that these were men of little musical accomplishment, whom no modern ears could patiently listen to. The performances of all

who have been named were of a very high character. Mangan excelled in piano passages, which he would give so soft and low, that to hear them it was necessary to bring the ear close to his instrument. "In their greatest degree of softness, they resembled rather the sympathetic tones than those brought out by the instrument. Those janglings of the strings, so general among ordinary practitioners, were never heard from the harp in his hands." He was conversant with the best music of his day, that of Corelli, Handel, and Geminiani, select *adagios* from which he often played. Similar excellence marked the playing of Denis Hempson, the man to whom Mr Bunting was indebted for many of the airs in his collections. "His fingers lay over the strings in such a manner that, when he struck them with one finger, the other was instantly ready to stop the vibration, so that the *staccato* passages were heard in full perfection." * * * His *staccato* and *legato* passages, double slurs, shakes, turns, graces, &c., comprised as great a range of execution as has ever been devised by the most modern improvers." The shake, which is so difficult on every species of harp, was performed by Arthur O'Neill with the greatest ease; and with such success, as Mr Seybold, a celebrated performer on the pedal harp, declared he should in vain endeavour to rival.

Hempson died in 1807, at the extraordinary age of 112, having been born in 1695. From a portrait of him in Mr Bunting's second volume, he seems to have been a tall meagre-faced man, with long grey hair, the very *beau-ideal* of the ancient minstrel. Having become blind at three years of age, he began at twelve to learn the harp under Bridget O'Cahan, for in those days women as well as men taught the instrument. The harp which two friendly gentlemen then bought for him, he retained to the close of his long life, calling it endearingly the Queen of Music. Hempson chiefly played the old music of Ireland; but, in later days, when he knew it to be little regarded, he shrunk, as already stated, from exposing it to common ears. In his younger days he had travelled through both Ireland and Scotland, and he used to relate anecdotes of his adventures. There was a certain Sir J. Campbell of Auchinbreck, who, having spent too freely, was at length reduced to live on a small weekly allowance. Hempson, hearing of this, and not liking to trouble a gentleman under such circumstances, passed his house without calling. The spirit of the old Highland gentleman rose at the indignity; a servant was dispatched to go after the harper, and bring him back. Sir James asked Hempson why he had not called, adding, "Sir, there never was a harper but yourself that passed the door of my father's house." To which Hempson answered, "that he had heard in the neighbourhood his honour was not often at home;" with which delicate evasion the baronet was satisfied. Hempson stated, "that this was the stateliest and highest-bred man he ever knew; if he were putting on a pair of new gloves, and one of them dropped on the floor (though ever so clean), he would order the servant to bring another pair."

Being in Edinburgh in 1745, Hempson was introduced at the court of Holyrood, by Colonel Kelly of Rosecommon and Sir Thomas Sheridan. He was called into the great hall to play; at first, he was alone; afterwards four fiddlers joined. The tune called for was "The king shall enjoy his own again." In relating the anecdote, he used to sing a part of the words:—

"I hope to see the day,
When the Whigs shall run away,
And the king shall enjoy his own again."

A clergyman named Sampson visited Hempson in 1805, when he was one hundred and ten years old, at his cabin, where he lived with a cooper who had married his daughter. "I found him lying on his back in bed, near the fire; his family employed in the usual way; his harp under the bed-clothes, which also covered his face. When he heard my name, he started up (being already dressed), and seemed rejoiced to hear the sound of my voice, which, he said, he began to recollect. He asked for my children, whom I had brought to see him, and he felt them over and over; then, with tones of great affection, he blessed God that he had seen four generations of the name, and ended by giving the children his blessing. He then tuned his old time-beaten harp, his solace and bedfellow, and played with astonishing justness and good taste. The tunes he played were his favourites; and he, with an elegance of manner, said, at the same time, 'I remember you have a fondness for music, and the tunes you used to ask for I have not forgotten,' which were Coelin, The dawning of the day, Aileen-a-Roon, &c." The only trace of mental debility which this gentleman found in the old harper, was a notion that he was the supporter of the family, and that his son-in-law, the cooper, was a spendthrift; both circumstances being the reverse of the fact. "As to his body, he has no inconvenience but that arising from a chronic disorder. His habits have ever been sober; his favourite drink, once beer, now milk and water; his diet chiefly potatoes." His last days were "made comfortable by the Rev. Sir Henry Harvey Bruce, from whose hand he was often literally fed. The day before his death, upon hearing that this gentleman had come to his cabin, he desired to be raised up in his bed, and the harp placed in his hands. Having struck some notes of a favourite strain, he sunk back, unable to proceed, taking his last adieu of an instrument which had been a companion, even in his sleeping hours, and was his

* The Ancient Music of Ireland, arranged for the Piano-Forte, to which is prefixed a Dissertation on the Irish Harp and Harpers, including an account of the old Melodies of Ireland. By Edward Bunting. Dublin: Hodge and Smith. 1840. 4to.

hourly solace through a life protracted to the longest span. His harp is preserved in Sir Henry's mansion, at Downhill, as a relic of its interesting owner."

We regret to learn from Mr Bunting, that, in the latter days, a considerable number of the harpers partook of the dissolute character of Echlin Kane. Of this sort was Owen Keenan, who, notwithstanding his being blind, performed some rather singular frolics. At Killymoon, the residence of a Mr Stewart, he was detected, Romeo-like, mounting on a ladder to woo a French governess, and committed to Omagh jail. To pursue the story in the words of Mr Bunting: "There was at that time a very good harper, also blind, called Higgins, who was of a respectable family in Tyrrawley, county Mayo, and who travelled in better style than most others of the fraternity; he, hearing of Keenan's mishap, posted down to Omagh, where his appearance and retinue readily procured him admission to the jail. The jailer was from home; his wife loved music and cordials; these harpers, too, knew how to humour the amiable weakness of one who had once been a beauty. The result may be imagined. The blind men stole the keys out of her pocket, while oppressed with love and music, made the turnkeys drunk, and, while Higgins stayed behind, like another Orpheus charming Cerberus with his lyre, Keenan 'marched out by moonlight merrily,' with Higgins's boy on his back, to guide him over a ford of the Strule, by which he took his route direct to Killymoon again, sealed the walls once more, and, finally, after another commitment for the 'ladder business,' as O'Neill calls it, carried off his Juliet, and married her."

The harp has not been allowed to decline in Ireland without various efforts being made to keep it alive. A Mr Dungan, resident in Copenhagen, conceived the idea of annual meetings, where prizes should be distributed; and such a meeting, accompanied by a ball, took place in 1781, in Mr Dungan's native town of Granard, in the county of Longford. Seven good harpers attended, and there were five hundred persons at the ball, which was held in the market-house. Perhaps one of the most characteristic circumstances was, that a Mr Burrows, one of the stewards, and a good judge of music, was so angry at the decision of the premiums, that he thrust his cane through one of the windows. Two other meetings took place; but they terminated in consequence of private jealousies. In 1792, another meeting of harpers was held at Belfast, when ten attended. This was the last. In 1807, the *Belfast Irish Harp Society* was established by private subscription, for the support of a teacher, and the tuition of a number of blind boys. The office of preceptor was conferred on Arthur O'Neill, who may be called the last of the old order, being a polite and well-informed person, as well as a very delightful performer: he died in 1818, at the age of eighty-five. The society fell to the ground for want of funds, after an existence of only four years. In 1819, another society was instituted, chiefly through the liberal subscriptions of Irish gentlemen in India, and a teacher was found in one Rainey, described as a nephew of the Scotch poet Burns, and a very good performer. At this time, there existed no harpers in Ireland who had not been pupils of O'Neill in the Belfast academy, so completely had the instrument ceased to be national. For some years this last society has been in a declining state, and we are led by Mr Bunting to understand that it is now extinct. It has been found that the young men educated to the harp can only earn their livelihood by playing in hotels, which is apt to have a bad effect on their character; and the supporters of the society have adopted the notion that their money could be more usefully laid out on other charities. We feel most reluctant to accord with this view of the subject. If we could judge at all from one instance, we would say that an Irish harper may yet be a respectable person. A worthy representative of the fraternity, Mr Patrick Byrne, a pupil of the Belfast Academy, makes a livelihood by playing to parties at Leamington. He is a well-informed, modest, and agreeable man, of perfectly virtuous habits, as well as a delightful performer on his instrument. We had the great pleasure of hearing him about three years ago in Edinburgh, where he attended private parties for a moderate fee, and was generally esteemed. Why may not other blind youths be reared to the same walk in life, and conduct themselves with equal propriety? Any thing rather than that so beautiful an instrument should perish from the face of the earth.

Let it not be supposed that the Irish music may nevertheless be preserved and played on other instruments. No one who has heard the Irish harp could imagine such a thing. When we hear Sir John Stevenson's Irish Melodies played by a young lady on the piano-forte, or even on the pedal harp, we do not hear the same music which O'Caran, Carolan, and Hempton played. It is as much altered as Homer in the translation of Pope. For the true presentment of this music to modern ears, we require the old sets as preserved in the volumes of Bunting, and the Irish harp played by an Irish harper. This instrument, it must be remembered, is of peculiar structure. It contains about thirty brass wires, the twang of which give the music a striking metallic brilliancy. The high notes are given with the left hand, reserving the more powerful member for the deep chords of the bass. There is moreover—at least so we found it in Mr Byrne's playing—a certain national accent, like the tone in speech, given to the music by the Irish performer, which every one must recognise as extremely

interesting, both from its real beauty and from association.

In conclusion, we heartily recommend Mr Bunting's new work to general favour. To it must every one resort who would wish to become acquainted with "the dear, dear, sweet old Irish tunes."

THE EXQUISITE AT COVER.

[We copy the following *jeu d'esprit* from an article in the New York Mirror, November 25, 1839, purporting to be extracted from a forthcoming work, called "Hark-away, or Brushes of Flood and Field." We do not know whether the work has yet been issued, and therefore are unable to say who is the author or publisher.]

The impatient sportsmen, with palpitating hearts, surrounded the cover, holding tightened reins upon their ardent horses. All were watching for the glorious "break," with "Tally-ho!" ready to burst from every longing tongue. The horses, with pricked ears and glaring eye-balls, pawed the ground and champed their bits with anticipation of delight.

The personification of tailors', hatters', and perfumers' advertisements, Mr Charles Olivier, seeing his friend Colonel Scourfield within a few yards, cantered his graceful galloway towards him.

"Ah! my dear colonel, how do you?" inquired Mr Olivier, checking his ambling nag. "I never saw this animal called a fox. By what means shall I be enabled to distinguish it?"

"By his brush," briefly responded the colonel, with a smile.

"Brush! pray what is a brush?"

"A tail, my dear fellow—a tail resembling your well-trimmed whiskers round a broom-handle."

"How very odd!"

"You cannot mistake him; but surely you have no intention of following the hunt in that gear!" said the colonel, laughing.

"Gracious! No. The truth is, I was obliged to say last night that I had never seen a thing of this kind. It appeared Goth-like, and so I determined to venture this morning, and examine what is called, I believe, the *throw-off*; but I have no intention of being thrown off. Dear me! No. I abominate danger in all shapes," replied Mr Olivier, elegantly kissing his white glove to his friend, and cantering away. He had proceeded but a few yards, when he returned, and said, "If I should see the animal, what shall I say, colonel?"

"Not a word, if in cover."

"And if the creature comes out?"

"Halloo 'Tally-ho!' as loud as you can," replied the colonel, turning his horse's head away from Mr Olivier, leaving him alone to ponder upon his instructed duties.

The dress of Mr Olivier had any thing but the appearance of a fox-hunter's; a superfine black coat and prunella pumps not being generally donned for the casualties of the dashing chase. His steed was slight-limbed, showy, and high-spirited, but suited only to carry a lady—or Mr Charles Olivier, who was unaccustomed to flying gates, or scrambles through prickly hedges.

The hounds continued to drive the fox from one corner of the cover to the other, without effecting the desired exit. Reynard had no inclination to quit his quarters, although his enemies were in such unenviable proximity. Every now and then he would come to the verge of the wood and take a survey; but, disliking the appearance of the surrounding park coats, in he popped again, much to the annoyance of many who flattered themselves that now "break" he must, and the view-halloo ready to escape died into a grumble of suppressed disappointment.

Every hound now pressed close to the fox, and it was certain that out he must come, or submit to the degrading fate of being "chopped"—killed upon his own hearth, without a meritorious struggle for life.

"Tilly-hoo-oo-oo, Tilly-hoo-oo-oo-oo!" to the astonishment of all, came evidently for a broad "Tally-ho!" from some novice with the view halloo.

"For'ard, for'ard, for'ard!" shouted the huntsman, galloping towards the spot, with a few of the hounds, from whence the sound came.

"Come away, come away!" bawled the whipper-in, cracking his whip for the remainder to leave the cover and join the huntsman.

The horn winded a cheering "Hark-forward!"—horses reared and danced with delight. "Hold hard," every body said; "let them get at it!"

"Now for luck, and no checks," said one.

"He'll go for Sydenham earths," said another.

"Not he. The wind's wrong," suggested a third.

"A cool hundred that he makes for Ealing," a fourth offered to bet.

The huntsman arrived at the place where "Tilly-hoo-oo" proceeded from, and there sat Mr Charles Olivier, perseveringly chanting "Tilly-hoo." An observation about "a post sometimes points out the road," undoubtedly came from the lips of the old huntsman as he saw the source from whence it came. Rising in his stirrups, he took off his cap and cheered the hounds to pick up the scent.

Wagging their tails, they snuffed the earth with distended nostrils, but no response was given. They ran to and fro, each endeavouring "to snatch the track, and lead the willing pack," but all to no purpose.

"Where did he break, sir?" inquired the huntsman, puzzled by the hounds being at fault.

"Gracious me! Close where you stand, the animal

jumped out," replied Mr Charles Olivier, with a confidential air.

Again the hounds were tried, but in vain. No scent could be found.

"Point out the exact spot, Olivier," said Colonel Scourfield.

"Gracious me! Why, there the creature is now."

"Where—where—where?" was shouted in every direction.

Mr Charles Olivier placed his glass quietly to his right eye, and, pointing to the topmost branch of a lofty elm, said,

"There it is—I knew him by his tail."

Who shall describe the horror, the astonishment, and disgust of all, upon obeying the direction of the pointed finger, at seeing a squirrel, with his bushy tail curled over his head, peeping at the scene below with indubitable pleasure "at being above all danger."

Laughs, groans, and hisses, proceeded from every quarter. Mr Charles Olivier began to suspect that he had committed some mistake; but, conceiving it politic to appear cool and collected under any accidents or awkwardness, he, with admirable sang froid, continued to look at the "animal," and occasionally observe that he recognised him by his tail.

"Flog him off!" "Duck him in a horse-pond!" "Go home!" "Get your nurse to come with you next time!" Such were the various little pleasant suggestions from the enraged sportsmen, at being subjected to the grievous disappointment occasioned by Mr Charles Olivier's ignorance of natural history.

With fears, which were very excusable under the circumstances, the mistaken innocent felt that he was one too many. If in carving a goose the ill-shaped bird had glided into the lap of the fairest creature in the world, Mr Charles Olivier could have imitated that refined personage who said, upon an occasion of the kind, "Madam, I'll trouble you for that goose." He could even have added, "Pray, don't apologise; such trifles will occur." However collected he would have been under such a trying ordeal, Mr Olivier could not appear so comfortable under the present. "Flogging" and "horse-pond" possessed so much of the nerve-agitating system, that, with chattering teeth, he looked beseechingly, and requested "to be heard."

"Hear him, hear him!" cried the majority, laughing.

"No, no! Duck him—duck him!" shouted others, among whom the huntsman's voice was the loudest.

As the reporters say, after a noisy squabble in the house, "order was restored," and Mr Olivier thus commenced:—

"Gentlemen, I certainly have mistaken an animal which I learn to be a squirrel, for a fox. I asked my friend, Colonel Scourfield, how I should know the fox—that is, by what feature—and he said"—

"What did I say?" sharply interrupted his friend, disliking the appeal.

"By his tail, my dear colonel, you certainly said," replied Mr Olivier, with praiseworthy decision.

Bursts of laughter.

"As if a fox had a tail," said the old huntsman.

"I presume, by that observation, that the animal is without a tail. That is no fault of mine. I was informed by the colonel that the creature had a brush. The colonel also stated that I could not but know the animal, although I informed him that I had no idea of the creature's form; for his brush or tail, which appear to be synonymous, bore a strong resemblance to one's whiskers round a broom-handle!"

Roars of continued laughter.

"Now, gentlemen, you must admit a strong resemblance exists between that little creature's bushy tail and my whiskers, both in shape and colour," said Mr Charles Olivier with a triumphant smile, pointing to the exalted squirrel.

After loud mirth for some minutes, it was unanimously decided that the speaker had satisfactorily justified himself. The sportsmen good-naturedly shook Mr Olivier by the hand, rather too roughly, perhaps, for his delicate fingers, and some said with courtesy that they'd "back him against the parson for an argument."

"Try-back, try-back," hallooed the huntsman, and away the hounds went to pick up the lost scent.

"Hark back, Musical—hark back, I tell ye!"—off galloped the old favourite leader to obey the mandate. In a few moments "Tally-ho!" rang from a corner of the cover, from which burst a splendid fox, closely followed by the crying Musical.

"For'ard, hark for'ard—hark to Musical!" shouted the huntsman. The horn was blown; the whipper-in hurried on with the tail hounds, and, in an instant, on rushed the pursuing and pursued—the many for sport, the one for life.

"Gracious me! Be quiet," said Mr Charles Olivier to his courier, as the animal caught some of the enthusiasm of the sport. "I certainly shall not be able to hold him." Our hero was correct in this opinion; for his horse pulled upon his hands, unused to exertion, so violently that, after a few useless struggles, he followed his own inclination by galloping after the others, to the great discomfiture of his rider.

"What shall I do?—what shall I do? He surely will not attempt to leap that wall!" exclaimed Charles Olivier, as they neared one of tolerable altitude. Still the resolute horse approached it with a determined manner. "Heavens! I certainly shall be off!" said the rider, clinging to the pommel of the saddle with pertinacity; "I certainly shall." They were within

a few strides of the wall, when the horse's ideas corresponded with his master's, that he should not attempt it. Throwing himself suddenly upon his hocks, the careful animal succeeded in preventing any accident to himself by stopping on the right side of the barrier. This quick decision, however, did not hinder Mr Charles Olivier from enjoying a leap. The impetus had the effect of sending him in a straight line over the horse's ears—clean over the wall, like the stick of a rocket, head-foremost into a duck-pond on the opposite side.

Crash, splash, went the luckless horseman—quack, quack, quack, screamed the ducks. "Gracious me!" bubbled from the lips of Mr Charles Olivier, as he crawled from the water and the mire; "I—I—I never will see another fox-hunt as long as I breathe."

STEAM-CARRIAGES OF M. DIETZ.

THE attempts to run steam-carriages on common roads in this country have generally failed in practice, chiefly, we believe, from the injury caused to the machinery by jolting over the ordinary rough materials of which our thoroughfares are composed, and the great expense for fuel. Lately, as we understand from the newspapers, a steam-carriage, the invention of Colonel Macerone, has been successfully run in experimental trips in the neighbourhood of London; and, according to the French press, similar success has attended the running of steam-carriages, the invention of a M. Dietz, in the neighbourhood of Paris. While attention is directed to this subject, it may be useful to offer a few particulars respecting M. Dietz's carriages, from the Reports of the Academy of Sciences and Academy of Industry.

M. Dietz's carriage has eight wheels, two of which are larger than the other six, and give the impulsion. The six smaller wheels rise and fall according to the irregularity of the ground, and at the same time assist in bearing the weight of the carriage, and in equalising its pressure, &c. The wheels, instead of having iron tires, are bound with wood, under which there is a lining of cork, in order still further to deaden the noise and prevent shocks which would otherwise derange the mechanism of the carriage. This wooden binding is secured by an iron circle, which does not touch the ground, and is so contrived as to be exceedingly durable. Another improvement of M. Dietz is a mechanism by which all the carriages of the train which are drawn by the engine (for he does not propose to carry either goods or passengers in the steam-carriage itself) are made to follow in the precise line of the wheels of the steam-carriage, which is so regulated by the six smaller or flexible wheels, acted upon by an endless pulley chain, that they describe any curve at the will of the conductor. Of the moving power of the engine, the report of the Academy of Industry says, "According to Colonel Macerone, whose calculations are not far from the truth, it appears certain, 1st, that to draw a weight along an iron railway, in a horizontal line, requires a force equal to a two hundred and fortieth part of the weight to be moved; 2dly, that to move this weight along a horizontal line, the force of traction must be carried to a twelfth of this weight; 3dly, that to move this weight upon a common road, with a rise of one foot in twelve, or eight degrees, which appears to be the greatest ascent accomplished by any of the diligences in France, the force of traction, whether on an iron railway or on common roads, must be augmented by one-twelfth of the total weight beyond what would be necessary on a horizontal line. It results, therefore, that it is not necessary on common roads to do more than double the power of traction for an elevation of eight degrees on common roads, whereas on a railway we must not merely double the primitive force, but add to it a power equivalent to a twelfth of the weight which is to be set in action. To fulfil the first condition, M. Dietz, proposing to draw only from thirty to forty thousand pounds, has made his engine of thirty horse power, calculating the power of traction of the horse at one hundred and fifty pounds at a speed of two hundred feet per minute; consequently, he has a force capable of surmounting every obstacle, and is at the same time able in case of necessity to double the power by a simple combination of pulleys."

The report then goes on to enumerate the arrangements made by the inventor for the regular supply of steam by the conductor, so as to increase or diminish it instantaneously, according to the nature of the ground, and for checking the engine at its greatest speed without shock or danger. In this description, however, there is little new to the English reader who has turned his attention to the construction of steam-carriages on common roads in England. The great merit of the invention of M. Dietz is avoiding the expensive repairs which have hitherto been the greatest obstacle to the use of steam-carriages on the common roads in England. A commission from each academy accompanied M. Dietz in one of his experimental journeys from Paris to St Germain, and report that it was performed at the rate of ten miles an hour, and that the hill between the Pecq and St Germain, which is one of the steepest within twenty miles of Paris, was ascended in less time than is occupied by the diligence. They state, also, that when the steam-carriage was compelled to deviate from the paved road to the unpaved sides, the return was accomplished without difficulty or danger, by the ingenious contriv-

ance of the extra wheels, which kept the engine in the equilibrium. This principle does not indeed apply to the carriages of the train; but as they are so constructed as to present little danger of upsetting, the deficiency is of no importance; and if it were found to be so, it would be very easy to extend the principle to the whole of them. The power of returning without danger from the sides of the road to the pavement, is one of great value in France, for nine accidents out of ten which happen in the ordinary coach-travelling, arise from the difficulty of regaining the *posé*, without losing the equilibrium. On many roads the *posé* is too narrow for two diligences to run abreast, and when they meet each other, one of the two, if not both, must deviate a little from the centre. The *posé* is very much rounded for the purpose of keeping it dry; and in winter the sides of the road are loose and rotten, so that the wheels sink several inches below the edge of the paved portion of the road. The danger, therefore, in regaining it is very great. If M. Dietz had not obviated it by his ingenious contrivance, not only would his machinery be subject to shocks, which would render frequent repairs necessary, but the engine itself would be very liable to upset.

All the evidence, as far as it goes, appears favourable to the invention of M. Dietz; but the proof of its utility, as in all such cases, is still to be given by carrying the invention into practical and daily operation.

THE RETURN.

[BY MRS HEMANS.]

"Art thou come with the heart of thy childhood back,
The free, the pure, the kind?"
So murmured the trees in my homeward track,
As they played to the mountain wind.
"Hast thou been true to thine early love?"
Whispered my native streams,
"Doth the spirit reared amidst hill and grove,
Still reverse its first high dreams?"
"Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer
Of the child in his parent's halls?"
Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air,
From the old ancestral walls.
"Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead,
Whose place of rest is nigh?"
With the father's blessing o'er thee shed?
With the mother's trusting eye?"
Then my tears gush'd forth in sudden rain,
As I answered—"Oh, ye shades!
I bring not my childhood's heart again
To the freedom of your glades!
I have turn'd from my first pure love aside,
Oh, bright rejoicing streams!
Light after light in my soul hath died,
The early, glorious dreams!
And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath pass'd,
The prayer at my mother's knee—
Darken'd and troubled I come at last,
Thou home of my boyish glee!
But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears,
To soften and atone;
And, oh, ye scenes of those blessed years!
They shall make me again your own."

—Works of Mrs Hemans.

ALL DIFFICULTIES MAY BE OVERCOME.

There are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks; they fly, like the visible horizon, before those who advance. A passionate desire and unwearied will can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the cold and the feeble. If we do but go on, some unseen path will open upon the hills. We must not allow ourselves to be discouraged by the apparent disproportion between the result of single efforts and the magnitude of the obstacles to be encountered. Nothing good or great is to be obtained without courage and industry; but courage and industry might have sunk in despair, and the world must have remained unornamented and unimproved, if men had nicely compared the effect of a single stroke of the chisel with the pyramid to be raised, or of a single impression of the spade with the mountain to be levelled. All exertion, too, is in itself delightful, and active amusements seldom tire us. Helvetius owns that he could hardly listen to a concert for two hours, though he could play on an instrument all day long. The chase, we know, has always been the favourite amusement of kings and nobles. Not only fame and fortune, but pleasure, is to be earned. Efforts, it must not be forgotten, are as indispensable as desires. The globe is not to be circumnavigated by one wind. We should never do nothing. "It is better to wear out than to rust out," says Bishop Cumberland. "There will be time enough to repose in the grave," said Nicole to Pascal. In truth, the proper rest for man is change of occupation. As a young man, you should be mindful of the unspeakable importance of early industry, since in youth habits are easily formed, and there is time to recover from defects. An Italian sonnet, justly as well as elegantly, compares procrastination to the folly of a traveller who pursues a brook till it widens into a river, and is lost in the sea. The toils as well as risks of an active life are commonly overrated, so much may be done by the diligent use of ordinary opportunities; but they must not always be waited for. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but till "it is made hot." Herschel, the great astronomer, declares that ninety or one hundred hours, clear enough for observations, cannot be called an unproductive year. The lazy, the dissipated, and the fearful, should patiently see the active and the bold pass them in the course. They must bring down their pretensions to the level of their talents. Those who have not energy to work must learn to be humble, and should not vainly hope to unite the incompatible enjoyments of indolence and enterprise, of ambition and self-indulgence. I trust that my young friends will never attempt to reconcile them.—*Sharp's Letters and Essays.*

EDITORIAL NOTE.

ORIGINALITY OF THE JOURNAL.

WE lately received a letter from Newcastle, containing, first, the general inquiry whether the articles at the beginning of the various numbers of the Journal were generally our own, and contained our own opinions, or were copied, and, next, the special inquiry (supposing we did not choose to answer the first), if the article at the beginning of No. 445 were original. Could there be any doubt more mortifying to a poor labourer in the field of letters than what is here expressed! For eight years and upwards we have been leading a life of incessant toil, composing literary articles of various kinds, some of them descriptive, in a novel style, of society and manners in the middle ranks, others philosophical and scientific, the very least important being careful compilations, often from not very accessible sources; and, after all, "a reader," a person who has perhaps seen every number of the work as yet published, is not sure but that our very best, or at least most elaborate, papers are taken without acknowledgment from some other work. The results of a lifetime spent chiefly in study, and in industrious observation of human character, have been diffused throughout the 450 numbers of this work, not to speak of the many articles arising from the special labour of the time when they were composed; and, after all, it is surmised that the whole work is as much a compilation as a school collection. Three individuals spend nearly their whole time in preparing the work, and there are occasional contributions by others; many single papers requiring, for the collection of information, the composition, and the correction, three, four, and five days; and, when all this pains is taken by so many persons to produce a work sold far beneath any former standard of price, the reader languidly asks if we ever give anything original! If we were of the stuff to be disheartened by anything, we might certainly be so on thus learning that our labours are only remunerative in a business point of view, but do nothing in the way of creating confidence or respect, so that merely because we publish in a limited quantity at a limited price, we are supposed capable of, week after week, and year after year, holding forth selected matter with the usual appearances of that which is original.

It is not of course likely that all our readers are under the very disrespectful impression which seems to affect our Newcastle correspondent. But, from other revelations made to us, we fear that it is the belief of a great number, or at least that many are habitually doubtful of the originality of many of the articles presented without marks of quotation in the Journal. For instance, we were lately asked by a lady in London, who reads our Journal regularly, "from what book of Mrs Hall's it was that we extracted her very pretty tales;" and she was very much surprised to be told that the tales were original, being written expressly for our work, and paid for accordingly. It now therefore becomes necessary to reiterate a statement more than once made, that all the articles of the Journal are really and truly original composition, excepting in the comparatively rare instances where it is otherwise expressed—in other words, every article is original which is not marked as extracted or selected matter. A little reflection on the very extensive circulation of the work (72,000) should banish the false notion that, because the Journal is cheap, it cannot be composed in any part of original matter: it ought to be seen that its cheapness, leading to such an extraordinary sale, is, above all other things, the reason for its containing original matter, and that of the best kind which money can procure in the country.

We trust that no one will do us the further injustice to suppose, from what is here said, that we are unduly anxious on the score of literary reputation. We might point to the whole history of this work, its being scarcely ever advertised, its rare allusions to its editors or writers, the anonymity of all its articles, and its unwavering adherence to its original plan, for proof that this has been a matter to which little attention has been paid. At the same time it could not but appear to us extremely hard, if a labourer which, more than any other, exhausts the human energies, and which, to be pursued in an efficient manner, calls for nearly a complete denial of all those social pleasures which the humblest enjoy, were to pass for a long series of years altogether unappreciated by those who may be presumed to profit by it.

LONDON: Published, with permission of the proprietors, by W. S. Ous, Paternoster Row; and sold by all booksellers and newsmen.—Printed by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.